CONTRACT.

TO BUILDERS.—By direction of Her Majesty's Commissioners for Building Additional Churches, notice is hereby given, that a CHURCH is about to be ERECTED in York-street, Lambeth, upon CONTRACT. Any Builder willing to tender for the same is requested to signify his intention before the 10th of October next, by letter, addressed to Mr. Rogers, architect, Palace-chambers, Lambeth, at whose office the drawings, specifications, &c., may be seen and full particulars obtained. Her Majesty's Commissioners do not pledge themselves to accept the lowest tender.—Lambeth, Sept. 28, 1843.

THE BUILDER,

NO. XXXV.

*SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1843.*

THERE is no position in life in which a man may be placed wherein great responsibilities do not devolve upon him. He may or he may not be unconscious of his responsibility,—he may, like a well-regulated machine, *travail* on, or, like the lower animals, with little better than instinctive motion, choose this which suits and avoid that which opposes his nature, seldom or ever exercising the God-like faculty of reasoning, analyzing, weighing, and deliberating—he may be the mere creature of impulses on the one hand, going by fits and starts in pursuit of this or that object as they arise, or, like the dull current of a heavy river, may roll on heedless and unobservant of all that it lies between—he may lead, run with the crowd, or follow—he may fly off in this direction with one party, or linger behind with that—and in every case be performing a necessary part in the great economy of nature. But he is responsible! conscious or unconscious, he is responsible—and according to the measure of his consciousness, he will be the more or less responsible—"To whom much is given, of him much will be required."

How do we apply all this? Does any of our numerous readers think we are going to make a point at him individually, or is each preparing himself, like the old lady with the sermon, to see which of his neighbours this allusion will fit, and which that, and in the midst of all, good creature, in his *generosity*, wholly to forget himself? However, we are not going directly to apply it beyond ourselves; it may have its indirect bearings, its action and influences may, and necessarily will, have an expansive range as well as a central point; but it is to ourselves we apply the moral involved in this our setting out. Our editorial responsibilities are the theme upon which we would now dilate, out of which such general instruction may be drawn as we shall best succeed in illustrating.

The responsibilities of an Editor! some one will exclaim with astonishment; what responsibilities can an Editor have? Have a care, gentle readers—and some not of the gentlest, though very good fellows in the main, we dare say. Have a care! how you select caps for your own fitting, for we protest we are only rummaging over the stock to fit ourselves. Have a care that, in the free movements of our hands and arms, or our editorial fingers, dressing, and trimming, and adjusting, that we may look becoming in your presence, have a care that they fall not upon your own heads, carelessly obtruded in our way. Some caps are of wood, and some of lead (not the heads, don't make that mistake as many do), and a blow not intentionally aimed by us may make these caps fit too tight, and cause the heads to be identified with them. Caps have bumps, too, as well as heads, and if driven too hardly on, may find out the hollow. Have a care, therefore, we say, and sit still, if you please, while we adjust a cap to our own cranium, nor do any one cry out a fool's cap, either for us or himself, lest he should make another mistake, and that should be on the awkward side.

There are some unruly, however, who will not sit still; there is friend "H." there, ever and anon poking among the ugly bonnets, and rudely donning this and that, according to his *irresponsible* fancy, upon the heads of some well-intentioned of our company who may venture to put a head forward in compliance with our friendly challenge; and he actually has the audacity to beard ourselves, and even now is mounting high on his seat, threatening to throw rotten eggs at us, or to strip us of our editorial toga, which we mention not in fear either of the commodity he handles, or of any thing particularly unseemly in us, in our undress; we will not have him turned out of the company; we have more than once invited him to friendly converse, and to display his own ability in matters so obnoxious to his criticism, but he maintains somewhat of his old perverseness; we let him stand out once to shew himself, thinking a little display of his unamiables would do him no harm, and might ensure good behaviour in the rest of the company predisposed to follow his example, and we think it had that effect; but he breaks loose again, and is after his old tricks. We thought to cozen him into good-humour by telling him he was a clever fellow, when, like the precocious American boy, who made a guess that two and two were five, and was patted on the head for being within one the first guessing, we told him on some such guess of his that "he was right in the main." We cannot afford to keep a romping critic, a clever unemployed, on our establishment. He may have, and we have no doubt has, useful talent in the matter he chooses to criticize, but we would rather he would display it, aye, even to the setting up of another *shop*, for we cannot abdicate our editorial seat, our department in which he also chooses to criticize. We wish him well, however, we would not part company with him as an honorable; we believe him not to be so, and that there is good and useful stuff in him; but we will have no censor's chair perched up above our own, and of our own carving too. There is a seat for him down below, and there let him take his place, till the reward of humble merit overtake him, and he be told, in the language of real promotion, "Friend, go up higher."

Good reader, excuse this interruption, it was worth the while to restore order; we were about to descant on our own responsibilities, and all unconsciously it may seem have gone over part of the ground. Plague upon it! why should we be diverted thus from our purpose? there is another of the malcontents, to put our good nature to the test, or to make us say something that may commit us with a section or a party, on one side or the other. There is one of our own craft, "Torus," it might have been *Taurus*, and he had *got into a China-shop*, as well, for the havoc he threatens, and the antics he indulges in. Hey-day! what is to do here? What is that he parades on his forehead? "Strength, activity, low wages!!!" Oh, I see, he is pouncing upon some poor chop-fallen, unskilled rustic or citizen, and pummelling him for want of spirit; chalking on his back, "white slave," and with the imprint of his own fists writing out a character for himself, as a "white tyrant." But is he only in the wrong, or is the other altogether an offender? Sit down both of you, and be friends: we will have no pugilism here. And now let us take a measure, in this breathing space, of what we set out upon—our own responsibilities.

Are we responsible for the good behaviour of these two, and of the class they represent? Yes, indeed, we fear, or rather we tremble to write it, we believe we are. Oh, there are others looking on, there is a busy crowd outside the circle; nay, there are two crowds, party-crowds, fearful party-crowds, urging on the combatants, or eager to urge them on, but that our eye is set upon them, and our poor eye is enough to face the scowl of the multitude. It is set in the middle of our forehead, full in the region of thoughtfulness, and deep-seated under the brow of benevolence (who shall say so much for themselves!) and it can confront the wildly-gazing, the eyes lit up with frenzy-flashings, the eager orbs of the lovers of conflict. Stay the combat, we command you, and sit down in deep attention while we read you your fates.

That young man, strong and active, and begging for employment at low wages, is the precursor of a class, and that class a heaving wave of the ocean of human circumstances that must roll on. No Canute from the other side can command or dam it back.

Oh, we have told it you in whispers, but the sound of that whisper was unheeded; we trembled when we spoke it, and we suffered for it, for we wanted courage, and our accents fell feebly and ill-formed. The powers were not against us, but our own infirmity; nevertheless, the word was to be whispered, though it had blistered the mouth of the utterer. We told of the coming conflict, and we have told you again; our whisper was taken up, and the words of it made audible; and they have been respoken in higher quarters, and have spread, as words from the heights spread the more around, and we return to the speaking, catching up the tone from the gale that bore it from us at first hand, to give it enforced clearness and shrillness, and to make it heard to the bounds. We told you the conflict was coming; you have bravely stared it off, or patiently borne its advent; but the terrors are thickening, and it is not by fights in the household of the children of labour that it is to be impeded a second time; you have had nostrums for remedies, and every quack of party has tried his hand, or bids high to be permitted to give you the *coup de grace;* labour must descend to humbler pittance, and no force or violence can withstand it. Must descend, said we? no, there is a remedy, there is the old and saving remedy, there are the guilds. The guilds were once the protectors in the emergencies of feudalism of another sort; they may be so again, and spare the sons of labour from the feudality of machinery. The guild must flourish ere the workhouse fade.

The responsibilities of an Editor! for want of better speech we shall hear it said, "the ravings of an Editor!" and there will not be wanting some Festus to judge and pass a verdict; but we may have to push it farther, nor fear to be much charged with over *learning;* responsible, however, we are, and one item of responsibility is involved in the matter of these identical guilds. Our Leamington correspondent asks for more than we have yet said concerning them; this is something like the first fruit from our planting, though we have had a response before in the shape of a somewhat different proposition, a builders' company—companies or guilds, call them what you like; it is an enrolment we mean, a chartered brotherhood, of masters and men, of which every man

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